

## TAZEWELL CO. DIRECTORY.

Circuit Court.  
W. J. Henson, Judge; T. E. George, Clerk. Terms of court—3rd Monday in February, and 4th Monday in May, August and November.

Officers.  
Com'rs. H. S. F. Henson, Sheriff.  
H. F. Perry, Deputy Sheriff.  
W. M. Bandy, Treasurer.  
H. G. McCall, Deputy Treasurer.  
P. H. Williams, County Supt. Schools.  
Address, Snapp, Va.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

**CHRISTIAN CHURCH**—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m., second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor every Friday at 7 p. m. R. E. Elmore, pastor.

**METHODIST CHURCH**, Main Street. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. "Little Workers" Juvenile Missionary every second Sunday 3 p. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 11 a. m., second and fourth Sundays 8 p. m., 8th Sunday 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

**NORTH TAZEWELL CHURCH**—Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m., second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m. Prayer meeting every Friday 7 p. m. T. J. Eskridge, pastor.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Preaching fifth Sunday at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening 7 p. m.

**PRESBYTERIAN, BURKE'S GARDEN**—Preaching on first Sunday at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. S. O. Hall, pastor.

**TAZEWELL PRACHERS COUNCIL**. Every Monday at 2 p. m.

## SECRET ORDERS.

**CLINCH VALLEY**  
COMMANDERY, NO. 20  
KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.  
Meets first Monday in each month.  
J. N. S. BOTTIMORE, E. C.  
W. G. YOUNG, Recorder.

**O'KEEFE ROYAL**  
ARCH CHAPTER,  
NO. 28.  
Meets second Monday in each month.  
J. R. HICKS, H. P.  
J. W. G. YOUNG, Secretary.

**TAZEWELL LODGE**,  
NO. 62, A. F. & A. M.  
Meets the 3rd Monday in each month.  
J. F. HURT, W. M.  
J. N. S. BOTTIMORE, Sec'y.

**TIPTOP LODGE NO. 251 O. O. F.**  
Tiptop, Va.  
Meets first and second Saturdays in each month.  
Mc. BROOKS, N. G.  
PEEL HARMAN, Secretary.

**D. MAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW**, Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**CHAPMAN & GILLESPIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW**, Tazewell, Va. Practice in all the courts of Tazewell and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**FULTON & COULLEN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW**, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**REVER & GILLESPIE, LAWYERS**, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**G. ALDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW**, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**BOWEN & ROYALL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW**, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**W. B. SPATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW**, Richwood, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**H. STUART, ATTORNEY AT LAW**, Richwood, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**S. HIGGINBOTHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW**, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**C. T. PATTON**  
Blacksmith and  
General Repairer  
TAZEWELL, VIRGINIA

I am prepared to execute, at short notice and on reasonable terms, all classes of iron work—horse shoeing, all kinds of repairing, etc.

There is also connected with my establishment a Wood-Working Department, under the control of J. B. Crawford where he is prepared to do everything pertaining to that branch.

**Job Work...**  
The REPUBLICAN  
Job Office  
Is complete in all kinds of work done neatly and promptly

LETTER HEADS  
NOTE HEADS  
ENVELOPES  
BILL HEADS  
PROMISSORY NOTES  
PAMPHLETS  
AND SPECIAL JOBS.  
Our prices will be as low as those of any first-class office.  
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

## Mother's Ear

A WORD IN MOTHER'S EAR, WHEN NURSING AN INFANT, AND IN THE THOUGHTS THAT COME BEFORE THAT TIME.

SCOTT'S EMULSION  
SUPPLIES THE EXTRA STRENGTH AND NUTRIMENT SO NECESSARY FOR THE HEALTH OF BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD.

Send for free sample.  
SCOTT'S EMULSION, CHICAGO, ILL.  
409-415 Pearl Street, New York, N. Y.  
Bottles, 50c and \$1.00, all drug stores.

## MEMORIES OF LAST NIGHT.

Across the gray of last night's skies  
The stars like white narcissus bloom,  
And, sweetly mirrored in your eyes  
The halo of their glory gleams.

While far and wide the moonlight lingers  
And somewhere, in our world apart,  
A mother's anxious smile wrings  
Last night, sweetest.

The song below, the stars above,  
Seems, but to meet and melt into  
A silver symphony of love,  
That thrilled our listening senses  
Through the night.

And, close within my arms, you knew  
The depth of each unspoken thought,  
While life for me held only you—  
Last night, sweetest.

And, oh, can there be more than this  
Beyond the mystery of the skies?  
A heaven sweeter than your kiss?  
An Eden dearer than your eyes?  
I am not good, nor great, nor wise,  
And yet by some strange chance Fate  
I found you to be paradise—  
Last night, sweetest.

—N. O. Times-Democrat.

## The Mule Driver of Rilo-Dagh & AN INCIDENT OF A BALKAN INSURRECTION

ALL through the gorge of the Barenta, a foetid and delicious odor, the odor of thousands of horses borne by the warm winds from the gardens and distilleries of the Rilo-Dagh, a valley almost as famous for its roses as the valleys of Kermak and Iran.

In other years at the same season the steep, perfumed slopes of the Turkish Balkans were the scene of extraordinary animation. Along the numberless paths winding in every direction, came donkeys laden with baskets of flowers and looking as if adorned for a fête of roses. But to-day all the country-side was quiet and deserted.

Ten thousand Turks occupied the Barenta from Rilo-Dagh as far as the Shkips pass on the Bulgarian frontier, and this time it seemed as if they could not fail to capture the famous band chief Boris Schkol, who, with his Macedonian followers, had been completely surrounded and cut off in his mountain retreat.

It could be only a question of hours at the most. And in order that not one of the band should escape in disguise the Turkish soldiers had orders to arrest all travelers, whoever they might be, and journeying for whatever reason.

A man must, indeed, care little for his life who would run the gamut of crossing firing from the sentinels in ambush at each corner of the ravine. Nevertheless there was a traveler brave enough, for a mule driver had just appeared on the path which leads to the Gabrov farm, situated half way up the mountainside.

He was a peasant of simple, peaceful appearance, dressed in rags and with bare feet and with a rose stuck in the crown of his tattered hat.

Thirty steps before him trotted a little silvery gray mule carrying two baskets full of overflowing of fading roses, and fastened to the saddle was an enormous flowering rose bush, whose soft leaves rustled caressingly.

The driver, whose white hair was in striking contrast with his youthful, almost childish face, strode along with an easy step, glancing about indifferently at the desolate countryside. Once or twice at the sight of the charred ruins of what had formerly been a prosperous farm, a pile of smoking timbers from which arose the dreadful odor of burned flesh, the old man turned away his head and a dark shadow crossed his bright face.

Still walking at a discreet distance from his donkey, the peasant had just reached the summit of a steep hill when a bullet whistled by his ear.

"The music has struck up for the dance," he murmured to himself, quite undisturbed. "The Turks are going to have a good time now!"

But he trembled an instant and turned slightly back the rosebush which he fastened to the saddle, and stared as if by a sudden wind.

A shower of petals fell to the ground while a rose, evenly severed from its stem, was carried 20 feet.

"The clumsy fool!" growled the driver, but his cheeks were white.

A score of stinging pellets blazed by him and the dust sprang up in little spurts about his feet.

"I like that better," he remarked thoughtfully, again regarding his enigmistic phrase. "The clumsy fool! What an omen it would make."

The Macedonian hastened to descend the hill on the other side. A few scattered shots passed above his head, and the echoes caught and repeated the report.

The donkey halted, frightened. His long ears waved back and forth and his delicate legs shook violently.

The driver ran to him, embracing him and patting his sleek neck.

"Come, come, Filberta, my little white lamb, be quiet! There is nothing to make you afraid now. The worst part is over. A little more, and we will be among friends, the soldiers of Lieut. Achmed. They are honest people."

In fact after this the firing ceased, but the traveler was none the less observed and followed. From time to time a head with a red cap emerged from its hiding place, looked quickly and disappeared.

The Bash-Bashouks knew the mule driver with the rose-decked hat for a poor devil, a grower of roses and something of a poet, an unmistakably oriental character with no other love but his flowers, which were the finest in Rilo-Dagh. Several of the Turkish officers, whose commissions he executed, had taken him under their protection.

Presently a soldier halted the ineffective traveler.

"Hullo, there, Filberta!"

The gardener, whose name was doubtless the same as his donkey's, looked about him.

"Good-day, Gulkana, good-morning, bravest of soldiers."

"Where are you taking your roses?"

"To the camp at Shkips. They are for the commandant there, the brave and handsome Capt. Murad-Bey, who will give me a fine Turkish gold piece for my pains."

"Haven't you anything for me in your pack?"

## AN ODD CANCER CURE

REMARKABLE CASE OF WOMAN WHO USED VIOLET TEA.

Considered incurable by Physicians, She Resorts to Home Treatment with Great Success.

In an interview at Dover with the woman who recovered in a remarkable way from a bad case of cancer on the liver, after adopting the violet-leaf treatment, says the Yorkshire (England) Observer, our Dover correspondent obtained some interesting facts relating to the case.

The woman, who had been a prominent church worker at Dover and at first attributed her breakdown to excessive zeal in this direction, stated that she would only be too pleased to answer any inquiries which might be sent through our correspondent, so that any other sufferers from this dread malady may have the benefit of her own experience.

Her recovery, it appears, dates back to two years ago, and her case is therefore considered the most important, as there has been no recurrence of the cancer symptoms.

The facts of the case were related by the woman in the presence of an independent medical man. She became ill in July, 1902, and she gradually developed all the dreadful symptoms of cancer. Her complaint was eventually diagnosed as cancer of the liver, and two independent physicians who were called in confirmed the opinion of her medical attendant, Dr. Wood.

In narrating her own story the lady stated that the three medical men who occurred in the nature of her case and that her case was incurable. Three separate growths, each as large as her fist, developed in her side and she suffered most agonizing pains. On November 16, 1902, she commenced the violet-leaf treatment at the wish of some of her friends. The medical men did not object, as they considered her case hopeless. Her friends took a bowl of fresh, ordinary violet leaves—many being sent her from Devonshire and other parts of the country.

They were put into a basin and a pint of boiling water poured over them, which was allowed to stand for 12 hours, covered up. In the morning the liquor was strained off. She drank a wineglassful three times a day. Another portion of the liquor was boiled again and three thickesses of lint were soaked in it and applied to the affected part, covered with oil silk and bound round. She was in a very weak and emaciated condition, but she remembers how determined she felt under the sympathy of her friends.

"And you would have done well. Fortunately, the shooters were too far away."

Achmed ceased his catechism.

"It's just as well for you that they were. They wanted to make you afraid. Would you like me to send a guard with you?"

"No, my lieutenant, though my Allah be praised for the great kindness of his servant; but I do much better to go alone. The Bulgarians have no powder to waste on sparrows or such poor devils as I am—while—"

"You have no message to send to the captain?"

"Nothing, except to tell him that I offered you an escort and you refused—for you do refuse?"

"Yes, it will be better."

"Very well; go to the devil in your own way, then. There will only be one less foot in the world."

The mule driver hastened to obey. One out of sight of the camp he grasped the donkey's bridle and turned abruptly aside from the regular mule track to follow a cross path marked by little piles of stones carelessly thrown together by the side.

Two long pines and she gradually recovered her strength, which was quite restored in six months. She described the cure as a painful one, and as requiring great perseverance. Her case has caused very numerous inquiries from sufferers.

**BOYS FISHING FOR MONEY.**

Their Efforts Prove Interesting to Elderly Gentleman Who Takes an Hand.

Two boys on Market street, Philadelphia, near the city hall, says the Philadelphia Record, fought for the possession of a five-cent piece. The coin slipped from the elder's tightly-clasped hand and fell on the bars of a grating, where it balked for an instant and then tilted into the pit three feet below. Instantly the fight between the lads was forgotten, and they made common cause of the misfortune.

The smaller boy displayed a bump of inventive genius. He pulled from his pocket a piece of twine. A near-by building operation furnished a bit of soft rope, which he tied to one end of the string. The boys then began to fish for the elusive shining coin below.

They were quick to watch the operation. These lines the nickel was brought to within a few inches of the surface, each time to fall, when deeply drawn signs escaped from the onlookers.

"Give me that string!" commanded an elderly man, his hair dotted with gray. He was fashionably garbed, and a smile

"There are the bombs, Boris Schkol!" he said.

The night fell upon the mountain tops, bringing with it a furious storm. In the ravine the 300 men of Murad-Bey, worn out by 30 hours of vain and constant search, lay sleeping heavily, guarded by their sentinels, when suddenly a loud firing broke the silence, followed by the sound of horses galloping madly.

At the same moment a hailstorm of bombs burst throughout the entrenchments, reaping a fearful harvest of death and disorder.

Then 50 men, 50 demons, whose hands cast thunderbolts, rushed like a whirlwind through the lines, destroying everything in their passage and gaining the road which led from the mountains to the plain below.

Boris Schkol, the terrible Macedonian chief, was free once more! From the Hungarian, in N. Y. Sun.

**DR. HOFFETT'S TEETHINA**

Cures Cholera Infantum, Diarrhea, Dysentery, and the Bowel Troubles of Children of Any Age. Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels, Strengthens the Child, and MAKES TEETHING EASY.

Costs Only 25c at Druggists, or mail 25c to C. J. HOFFETT, B. D., St. Louis, Mo. Mother! Hesitate no longer, but save the health and life of your child as thousands have done, by giving this powder. TEETHINA is easily given and quickly counteracts and overcomes the effects of the summer's heat upon teething children.

**HORSE AND MULE EXCHANGE**

We want the public to know that we are in the business of buying and selling Saddle and Draft HORSES AND MULES.

Our Stables are at Tazewell.

We have handled over 200 head of Mules and Horses this year, 153 of which we bought in the St. Louis market.

**LEWIS, BUCHANAN & CO.,**

Phone 28. Tazewell, Va.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day**

Cures Grip in Two Days.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. On every box, 25c.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Brown

Save the Grip in Two Days.

Save the Grip in Two Days.

Save the Grip in Two Days.

Save the Grip in Two Days.

## Say Plainly to Your Grocer

That you want LION COFFEE always, and he, being a square man, will not try to sell you anything else. You may not care for our opinion, but

What About the United Judgment of Millions of housekeepers who have used LION COFFEE for over a quarter of a century?

Is there any stronger proof of merit, than the

Confidence of the People and ever increasing popularity? LION COFFEE is carefully selected at the plantation, shipped direct to our various factories, where it is skillfully roasted and carefully packed in sealed packages—unlike loose coffee, which is exposed to germs, dust, insects, etc. LION COFFEE reaches you as pure and clean as when it left the factory. Sold only in 1 lb. packages.

Lion-head on every package. Save these Lion-heads for valuable premiums.

**SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE**

WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.

of amusement went the rounds of the growing crowd as the old fellow got down on his knees and tried his luck with the piece of pitch, the coin and the string.

He fished with no better success than the boys. Finally he gave a snort of anger, rose, surveyed with a frown the grimy embedded deep in the fabric of his expensive trousers, and then smiled.

"I guess I'm in my second childhood," he remarked. "In '55 years old—waited enough to know better. I've wasted five dollars' worth of time trying, like some big body, to recover five cents. Here, boys, it is time to make up for your loss." He walked away, the crowd dispersed, and after the street had become clear once more the boys resumed their efforts to regain that perverse five-cent piece.

**DEMANDS OF ETIQUETTE.**

Uncle Sam's Warships Salute "the Entire Navy" of a South American Republic.

A traveler from the regions of Central and South America ventures for the following, states the New York Times:

United States man-of-war entered the harbor of one of the smallest of the Latin-American republics. At anchor in the harbor was present what the traveler describes as "the entire navy" of the republic. When the situation was explained to the officers of Uncle Sam's vessel the customary salute was immediately fired.

But among the officers of the navy of the republic satisfaction at the homage thus paid to the dignity of the republic was easily impaired by the impossibility of returning the courtesy. "The entire navy," which the traveler states consisted of one "converted tug," there was no powder! Gloom prevailed, until the commanding officer had an inspiration.

The officers of the man-of-war now heeled a rowboat leaving "the entire navy" and approaching them. They received the bare-footed commander with all due courtesy, did the honors of the ship, and finally, with controlled emotion, loaned him the powder for which he asked.

Upon the return of the rowboat the salute of the big stranger was punctiliously returned.

**The British Way.**

It has been said that the English are a masterful race, and nowhere do they show this more than in the determination to carry their own amusements with them into whatever country they may chance to visit.

Our colonists in South Africa wanted to have some fish. They so started a Transvaal Trout Acclimatization society, and no doubt in the near future trout fishing will be one of the regular amusements of South Africa—Country Life.

**The Wise Friend.**

"Yes," said the bride of a week, "Jack tells me everything he knows, and I tell him everything I know."

"Indeed," rejoined her ex-husband. "The chance when you two are together must be oppressive."—Home Chat.

**Man in the Kitchen.**

The helplessness of mere man in the presence of ordinary domestic tasks was illustrated in the case of the old miner, who explained that he had once tried to improve his cooking by studying a book of recipes. "It was no use," he sadly confessed, "because every one of them receipts started off with 'take a clean dish.'"

He was kin to one of the sons of Mrs. Dunsunair, a Scotchwoman living in Pennsylvania. She was called away from home one day just after dinner. As she was leaving she said to the boys:

"One of you must wash the dishes and the other wipe them and put them away, that everything will be tidy by the time I get back."

"All right, mother," said Jack, "but I'll go to wipe them. I'm willing to wash, but wiping is such greasy work!"—Youth's Companion.

**Rice Griddle Cakes.**

Take one cupful of warm boiled rice that has been cooked until very soft and add to it a cupful of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of melted butter or two of cream, and the yolks and whites of two eggs beaten separately until stiff. Mix thoroughly, then add enough flour to hold the rice together in a thin batter and bake on a griddle—Good Housekeeping.

**Fruit Salad.**

Canned pears are used for the foundation—the large Bartlett pear. They are drained and the core thoroughly removed, leaving a hole for a filling of celery and English walnut meats mixed with mayonnaise dressing. These are arranged around the edge of a round, flat salad dish, and the center is filled with cream cheese which has been mixed with cream and pressed through a fine potato ricer.

**WASHABLE GLOVES LIKED.**

Do Not Make the Hands Perspire and Have the Added Advantage of Looking Fresh and Clean.

Washable gloves have become absolutely indispensable to the summer girl. Not only do they save her hands from the ravages of the burning sun without inducing perspiration, but they are also wonderfully fresh and clean.

Each night the girl who has worn during the day gets its tub bath in warm soap suds and is dry and ready for use the following day.

Fabric gloves, whether in silk or linen mesh, are so skillfully woven now that they have lost all of the scratchy feeling which has long been their objectionable feature. The girl who is peculiarly sensitive to this irritation will find late gloves lined with the most supple of China silk. Fashionable shades, such as old rose and old blue, are lined with check silk or silk embroidered with polka dots or tiny flowers. Linen mesh gloves, so popular during the warm months last year, will be more than ever in evidence this coming summer, and the stitichings in the back will show most elaborate handwork in self-tone or contrasting shade.

But it is the silk glove which has captured the affections of summer girls, pure-prod or economically inclined. Not one of the infinite variety of warm weather shades but can be perfectly matched in any length of silk weave. In imitation of kid gloves the wrists are often lined with silk of contrasting shade.

These women in green are the wives of men who belong to what may be called the Korean middle class, and their costume is traditionally said to have had its origin in a ruse de guerre practiced by the women of Seoul when the city was attacked by the enemy at night in the absence of all its male defenders. The wives of the latter, it is said, caught up weapons, threw their husbands' jackets over their heads, and manned (or womaned) the walls; and there they fought so bravely, or made such a brave show of fighting, that the attacking force, taking them for men, abandoned the assault and withdrew.

In commemoration of this achievement the women and their descendants were permitted to wear as badges of honor the jackets that they had

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